

MACLEAN'S

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IN THIS ISSUE—

After the War—What?

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO

If the Sphinx could tell her Secrets

If the Sphinx could whisper the story of Ancient Egypt's incense it would tell of the use of Palm and Olive Oils, so that modern women would appreciate even more the value of *Palmolive Soap*.

They would realize why its creamy lather is the most effective cleanser.

The peoples of ancient times that the Sphinx knew could obtain Palm and Olive Oils only in the crude, animal state. Here they would have revelled in the convenience and luxury of their combination in

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Women who have made the acquaintance of *Palmolive Soap* are enthusiastic followers of the *Palmolive* doctrine of soap and water.

Because *Palmolive* is made from these rare Palm and Olive Oils—Nature's greatest cleansing agents.

Palmolive Shampoos

A Palm and Olive oil liquid soap that thoroughly cleans the hair and scalp. It removes all dandruff, itching, and all other scalp troubles. It softens the hair and scalp.

Palmolive Cream

Provides the natural oil which keeps the skin smooth and beautiful. Apply a little each morning and evening. It softens the skin and keeps it in the best of health.

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MACLEAN'S

TORONTO MAGAZINE CANADA

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MARCH, 1915

No 5

After the War—What?

THE physical conditions of the European conflict, the harvest of mere war or less war, the readjustment of boundaries, the matters of such absolute importance at this stage that human agencies need to be even a guess. But though the business of war alone can impose restraint where the civilized world regards them as almost entirely needless, the permanent and lasting changes within any country must be fashioned by the inhabitants themselves. If the stress of fighting men taking to arms Germany and Austria are not followed by a still more potent army of ideas, the slaughter of millions will be marked off in history as a petty episode. The character of individual thinking thus fostered in Canada and elsewhere will establish the conduct of Governments when Peace takes the reins and looks about for leadership. Hence this exposition, in which Canadian of long standing in a variety of callings have answered a request for a statement of their views. The importance of "personal opinion" as what must be submitted is a more or less prophetic warning that the ideas set loose in March, 1914, even while the war wages uncertain and there are bound to set in extreme popular discontent and make possible a disaster national conditions when the day for that arrives.

The scope of the contribution was restricted to a single phase of after-war developments—the attitude which Canada should take towards military preparation. There are other, only, in Canada's case, more profound and far-reaching considerations which rest their solution upon the future, but at this moment when War holds the stage and Death and Destruction show their ghastly faces, the interruption shows strongly upon national and international affairs. Certainly it is the most immediate and apparent problem, and whoever may think that by some miracle of alchemy resulted about the peace terms Canada will be relieved of her military responsibility for economic reasons does not represent Canadian belief as a whole. Ignorance differs widely, and very naturally, as to the tactical necessities of this or that system of defence but as one broad understanding all agencies seem to rest upon—that a long series of revolutions in a poor intestine on the spring beds of men for a division of treasure and ready fighting men, that Canada's self-interest would be lifted above the present preoccupations of a Russian Dictator or a paternal and never-forgiving British Admiralty. The success of the defence is considered, and to be ascertained without undue difficulty, although the European battlefield has disturbed not a few old standards of military science. Nor will it be the professional soldier primarily who will select the defence of this country but the voters and the men of business sitting on their own aggregation of what amounts with Canadian democracy and Canadian obligations to the Empire. The importance of maintaining the Imperial responsibilities makes it impossible that defence for this country, particularly on the sea, shall ever be extended as a purely local item should that be in conflict with the requirements of the Mother Country or the allies.

For a like Imperial reason, the views of the Canadian people upon the post-bellum underlayings in military defence, while loyal and enthusiastic in principle, are necessarily difficult as regards the British Government during the next few years will probably be accepted without question as the standard of measurement for Canada's own equipment, for there little disposition to look upon British as overbearing, strong or any above the requirements of absolute safety. It would seem, therefore, that the undoubted ability of citizens of Great Britain and her Dominion would meet some inside cordially the Imperial weapons of defence as well as an honest distribution of the burden. Whatever the arrangement, ultimately, Canada's opinion will have plenty of show room in the day of decision.

If Great Britain and her Allies succeed in saving the militant drums in Germany and Austria, taking care to include the lesser militaries within the leaders' answer here, the problem of Canada's participation in League defence is tremendously simplified. At this period of the hostilities, however, disarmament is nothing more than a system of hope, and, as the papers indicate in this exposition, the nations have unanimously claimed that the rivalry in armaments will persist, and that Canada's future duty, as far as can now be discerned, will call for courage and increased exertion.

The methods of defence best adapted to this country form a question of some striking disagreement. It will be pointed that Mr. E. P. Johnston, E.C., favors strongly a standing army of fifty to fifty thousand men which he regards as meeting the needs necessities of military effort whether in the resistance of invasion or as an overseas commitment. This view he supports for two main reasons: that the nation has a long coastline and a wide expanse of all open water, in his opinion, the self-made point of vulnerability, the results of which Great Britain is continuing to Europe at this very moment. Mr. W. E. George, on the other hand seeks to attain the object of preparedness through a universal training system based somewhat on the Australian plan. Mr. George's view, indeed, is based by most professional soldiers who advocate a small standing army of five or ten thousand men and a large volunteer militia prepared through school years and alive to take their places in disciplined fighting men. Whatever the scheme of national defence, there appears to be complete unanimity that the country's military resources deployed at the opening of the War did not help against its self-interest and that the more should not be possible to repeat. Mr. Joseph T. Clark makes clear some factors in the President's view, a view by the way which has been the object of more than a fair share of newspaper misrepresentation.

No doubt the reader will feel, as the writers of these papers felt, that the discussion of conditions after the war anticipated a great deal that is beyond human judgment or imagination. However, there are some hard points from which intelligent opinion may reasonably venture into the future. A personal of the statements contained in which will add to the responsibility of the Canadian people of view. And at the same time, one is bound to appreciate their spirit of reasoning patriotism.

An Introduction by ROBSON BLACK

while loyal and enthusiastic in principle, are necessarily difficult as regards

could see it quite plain in the mirror before him. I practiced that look a bit before my own eyes after that—because I thought it might come in handy sometimes, you know—but I guess I couldn't have got it just right because when I tried it on Jill she asked me if I had a pain.

"Well, Jack, old man," said Jack, pointing down at the table. I sat down before him.

"Aunt Tommy's not," I said, to get the worst over. "I guess you like Aunt Tommy's pretty well, don't you, Ma?"

"Yes, but Dick really—"

"No, do what you," I said, mysteriously. Jill had noticed me.

Dick thought me of the soft pillow. "Yes, I suppose so," he said.

"There's a man in New York who just wrote Aunt Tommy," I said. "He writes her most every day and sends her lots of love and stupid poems. I guess she's pretty fond of him, too. She keeps his photograph on her bedroom table and I've seen her kissing it."

I stopped there, not because I had said all I had to say, but because Dick's face was so shocked, it did. I had all gone white, like it does in the pulp magazines when he is tremendously in earnest, just like three months. But all he said was:

"For your Aunt Bertha's respect to this—the man?"

"Not exactly engaged," I said, "but I guess anybody else who writes to her will have to reckon with him."

Dick got up. "I think I won't wait this evening," he said.

"I wish you'd stay and have a talk with me," I said.

"I haven't had a talk with you for ages and I have a million things to tell you."

Dick smiled as if it hurt him to smile.

"I can't be sure, Jacky, but after a while you'll have a good jaw-ache, old chap."

He took his hat and went out. Then Jill came flying in to hear all about it. I told her as well as I could, but she wasn't satisfied. If Dick was just quietly the dearest, I couldn't have made it strong enough.

"If you'd seen Dick's face," I said, "you'd have thought I was a pretty steady fellow."

And Jill said to me what Aunt Tommy will say to me all the while the folks are."

"Well, she'll tell a thing but what you're true," said Jill.

"The next evening was Dick's regular night for coming, but he didn't come, at-

though Jill and I went down the line a dozen times to make for him. The night after that was prayer meeting and Dick had always walked home with Aunt Tommy and so, then that night he didn't. He only just bowed and smiled as he passed us in the porch. Aunt Tommy hardly spoke all the way home, only just held tight to Jill's and my hands. But after we got home she seemed in great spirits and laughed and chatted with father and mother.

"What does this mean?" asked Jill, grabbing me in the hall on our way to bed.

"You'd better get another novel from the shelf and read it," I said, grudgingly. I was disgusted with things in general and Dick in particular.

The three weeks that followed were awful. Dick never came over. Dick and I fought every day, we were so cross and disappointed. Nothing had come out right and Dick blamed it all on me. He said I must have made it out wrong. There was no fun in anything, not even in going to church. Dick hardly changed the point at all and what he said was only a merely little thing. But Aunt Tommy didn't seem to worry any.

Things went on like that for another week. Then they reached—on Jill again—a climax. If Jill knows what that means I don't know. But Tommy and she were the same. Dick's name in James, but Jill and I always called him Pucky because we couldn't bear him. He took to calling us Dick and me something like that. Aunt Tommy set driving. Jill called to me.

"Something's got to be done," she said, reaching for me.

"I'm not going to have Pucky Carver for my Uncle Tommy and she's all there is about it. You must go straight to Dick and tell him the truth about the New York man."

I looked at Jill in awe if she were in earnest. When I saw that she was I said:

"I wouldn't take anything and go and tell Dick that I'm gone leaving him."

"I don't know how a mother might look upon it," I said. "Anyway, I won't go." You can do it yourself, Jill.

"Then I suppose I've got to," said Jill very definitely.

"Yes, you'll have to," I said.

And this finished my part of the story and Jill's. I went to bed. The next morning I was going to tell the rest, but Dick wouldn't believe anything the boys said.

"I don't know how a mother might look upon it," I said. "Anyway, I won't go." You can do it yourself, Jill.

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"She doesn't mind Dick making an ass of himself, anyway. That's one consolation," I said to Jill.

"She's breaking her heart about it," said Jill, "and that's no longer a consolation."

"I don't believe it," I said. "What makes you think so?"

"She cries every night," said Jill. "I can tell by the look of her eyes in the morning."

"She doesn't look half as wretched over it as you do," I said.

"If I had her reason for looking wretched I wouldn't look it either," said Jill.

I asked her to explain her meaning, but she only said that little boys couldn't understand those things.

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Francois Lessard—Son of Mars

By ROBSON BLACK

WHEN the day's business was over and most of the clerks had taken themselves home, the ledger-keeper sat at his high stool and looked at the boy's desk. That afternoon, wearing his usual military uniform, he stood by the door with something of a grin.

"I'm not," he murmured.

"The young man crossed to the proprietor's desk. 'Not very,' he said. 'I'm resigning.'

"Very much?"

"No complaint."

"Looking over for a bigger salary?"

"No, the contrary. I am taking a reduction of fifty per cent."

"The day of the day approved his resignation by the chief of his department, the ledger-keeper continued.

"I said I was born to be a soldier. If for the last three years I have stuck to business, it was a compromise—by the way, I am a soldier."

"No half a salary?"

"Ledger-keeper took his head. 'What does it matter?' he said. 'There is no—never was—any one wanting a youth of wisdom self-will. The proprietor wrote out an order for the balance of his pay and saluted him a grave farewell.'

The young man who quit the ledger desk that day was Francois Lessard, who is the son of the Inspector-General of the Canadian army from Port Arthur westward. A few days ago he headed over the command of the second divisional area, which means the head of a very large section of the new overseas command.

Nothing more credible than Lessard's preparation of 4,000 men at the Toronto headquarters could be regarded as satisfactory evidence of the presence of our army-building effort.

Just now the Big Business of the nation is the momentary preparation of war. It is late some of us do not know. It is late some of us do not know. It is late some of us do not know.

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General Lessard at a Review at Galt in Victoria

Justly the stigma. The "man-saving" soldier has been dead since by thirty-three years of daily courage. His man in the steady has been dead since by thirty-three years of daily courage.

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The Third Man:

By Donald Donovan
Illustrated by MARY V. HUNTER

THEY sat around the table at the Bohemian Club—Randall Brenner, the author; the literary writer, Dexter Briggs, broker and pianist; and Perry Hopkin, a newspaper man. Every one, was expanding. Brenner was a state of about thirty-five, well-dressed and handsome, but severely bony. And like all busy men, he had a lividness of complexion.

"You've all heard that an expert on forms of animal life can take a single bone of an extinct species and, since it has never lived on the actual bone, construct the whole creature again," he was saying, with his peculiar stammering rapidity. "Well, in law enough. What's more, given a perfect recipe of anything it is possible to reconstruct the whole. I counted that a fragment of nervous tissue from a pinworm in which the artist has observed the form of balance and color harmony absolutely would provide all that was needed for a skeleton and predation of the person. Give me the recipe placed in the first two results of a piece of bridge between four perfect players and I'd figure out exactly how the rest of the cards are distributed."

"How about this?" queried Hopkin. "Does a single hair provide the means of bringing out the complete facts?"

"Yes," was the answer to that, and Brenner with the reputation of a member who has been supplanted in his office. "The rule applied is particularly to crime than to anything else. General Cassius in the century, his proceeds along will defend paths. Certain causes create certain effects. Under certain circumstances, the human mind will in certain ways. Every incident in a person's life, even the most trivial, can be used as a key to plumb into the reasons of that person's mind and past life. Given a clue, a single fragment, even a series of mistakes leading up to a crime, and the close student of science psychology can reconstruct that which they?"

"You're making some pretty broad statements and taking even more for granted the usual in your direction to light, Brenner," and Sanderson.

"I'm not giving you theories tonight," answered Brenner. "I'm giving you facts."

"That," demanded Brenner, "why do you make these statements? Why don't the police have a few competent recon-structors and lead over the clues to them on all cases? According to your way of thinking it, a police officer is incompetent. All we need is a staff of crime physicians and a crew of mathematically to make an arrest on demand."

"Comes an unbalanced because there

The First in a New Series of Detective Stories



In search for a missing man, the detective is helped by a friend. The detective is helped by a friend. The detective is helped by a friend.

others needed. Very well, then. The third man lives in three small rooms on a part of the city where private view of one has never been permitted. He is short-shouldered and bald of forehead. For days at a time he never leaves his room. He is the laziest and most undependable of men. But the physical weakness and energy that he lacks in mind for by his wonderful power of mental vision. When the police get lost on an important case, they go to James Hopkin. His secret goes out in one moment and he is on the scene. He can solve the case for them in one week and of late, but his secret is being to go out to investigate a case known. In fact, he might prove a failure as an investigator. He is peculiarly susceptible to pass on the evidence collected by others and find the logical conclusion arising therefrom."

"Too may be coming to rest at what I am going to tell you," went on Brenner. "As a matter of fact, I have gone a little into the detective business for myself lately—partly for the interest and pleasure it affords you understand. For worked on several cases, one sort of investigating associate with Anne Hopkin. I verify the police reports and make some kind of an investigation. I may discover myself and then turn the facts over to the police. Brenner was the first case, was it not? The police worked on that for ten days without getting any closer to a solution than they were at first. On the eleventh day, the whole thing was solved. I started up. Then there was the Harland downward raiders, the Dickie Girl shooting office and the murder of Cecilie Evans. Hopkin solved them all—with the assistance of your humble servant."

A writer approached Dexter Brenner at this point with the information that Mr. John Carson wanted him on the telephone.

Brenner got to his feet with alacrity and hurried to the phone. The voice of John Carson, prominent head of the business banking and severely bony, was Carson was out to compare with.

"Is a month be," answered Brenner. "I want leave you," he continued. "You made an appointment, but I'd be back in an hour's time. Have the rest of your secret this, Brenner. My secretary interested."

...

AT THE next morning, Hopkin Brenner, for twenty-five years private secretary to John Carson, entered the office of Edwin and Carson, and found

that, as usual, he was the first to arrive. He shook the news from his old body, pressed forward and laid it methodically on its accustomed peg. With the desecrated look of hints that characterized all his movements, he opened the door leading into the private office of Mr. Carson, and stepped within. The next instant, with a wild cry, he dashed out again, arms outstretched with agitation, face distorted with alarm.

"Robbery!" he shouted. "Theft!" The safe has been broken into. Two clerks who had entered directly after him took up the alarm and in a few moments the whole building was in a state of agitation. "I'll telephone the police," and one of the clerks, but was promptly checked by the secretary who remembered office regulations even in the midst of her mental upset. "Nothing must be done until Mr. Carson has been notified," said Brenner, decidedly. Accordingly, he called up the apartments of the president and requested the meeting information that Mr. Carson had left there early the previous evening and had not since returned.

"I'll work in the club, sir," said the president's man, who had answered the call. "I happened to look early at night, and when I didn't come, I telephoned the club. They told me Mr. Carson had left there, sir."

The secretary spent an anxious quarter of an hour endeavoring to locate his superior. As she could not find him, she went to the second office telephone by connecting the police. Two brief communications answered the same.

Brenner, when of them into the private office and entered out the safe in a corner, with his massive door opening wide open.

"Carson, what was in it?" asked one of the clerks.

"None," replied Brenner.

"Then find out if anything is missing," Brenner went down on his knees before the safe and examined its contents thoroughly. At the conclusion of his search he was sitting, with a agonized look on his face.

"Add that name in a bundle of papers relating to some situation," he said. "Mr. Carson was intending to go into the matter today. It's very strange."

"Anything is a little late," said Brenner, who had been waiting for the president's man to return. "The members of the staff were put through a close grilling at the hands of Carley, the senior detective, but no information of value was obtained. At 5:15 the president's man, Brenner himself had looked the safe. Mr. Carson having left at 5:15. By half-past five the secretary had turned the key in the door after the last member of the staff had gone. None of the staff had

"Anything of value?" said Brenner at once. "Nothing," said Brenner. "It would be difficult to compute the value of what that safe contained."

The senior detective had been conducting a minute examination of the room. Now he passed before the second clerk which the president used and passed a slightly deeper at a glance in his corner.

"I think," he remarked to a member of the staff, "that a study in how Carson's been shocked back and round around."

"Right, Brenner," said the other who appeared to be the senior. "What has been shown over behind this desk-making machine?"

"It is the Rogers who had known quite well, remembered the information that Mr. Carson had left his apartments early the night before and had not since been heard of."

"It's the first time it's occurred in twenty years," he added. "It's very methodical, in Mr. Carson's case."

The detective exchanged a quick glance that indicated an awakening interest in the possibilities of the case.

"I'll take the office from Shannon," said the senior briefly. "You get hold of the porter of the building."

The members of the staff were put through a close grilling at the hands of Carley, the senior detective, but no information of value was obtained. At 5:15 the president's man, Brenner himself had looked the safe. Mr. Carson having left at 5:15. By half-past five the secretary had turned the key in the door after the last member of the staff had gone. None of the staff had

returned until the usual hour in the morning.

Shannon had better success with the porter, however. The latter, an advertisement for not nearly bright enough, remembered having seen Mr. Carson enter the building and walk up the two flights of stairs to the office of Edwin and Carson, not right above the night before. He, the porter, has been brought out the office on the first floor of the floor. About an hour after, another person had entered the building and mounted the stairs, although the porter had not seen him. In half an hour one of the two had come down the stairs at a sharp point and left the building. Twenty minutes after, a third party had come in—his step had seemed different from the other two, as the porter was sure it was not the second man returned—and had mounted hurriedly to the Edwin and Carson floor. The porter's acquaintance with the events of the morning ended there as he had then made his way to the office to attend to the door and had not heard or seen anything further.

The detective started from headquarters and a thorough effort to find the missing Mr. Carson was undertaken. All the clerks came and the search for the missing man was continued. Home and hospital were visited. After two hours of systematic search, the only information the police had was that the effect that the missing man had died and had last been seen at the Pilgrimage Club, leaving them about 7:45 in a taxi.

Despite the frantic efforts of Brenner to keep the matter secret, the newspapers soon got the "story." Reports were on the streets and the public and Rogers greeted as he read in startled type. "Buckaroo Herring!" John Carson called his office at last coming out in a taxi. He was obviously disappointed—perhaps—only found open and valuable papers missing—Absolutely no trace of the wealthy banker found—no "Police explained." The papers must be to secure the estimate dealer of the body left in the morning. Brenner John Carson was about 55, in his years of age and had been married. He had been married to a woman who was a member of the Pilgrimage Club, but had been in his company for over twenty years.



The detective is helped by a friend. The detective is helped by a friend. The detective is helped by a friend.

A quiet man of extremely subdued beliefs, Casan had been a member of the party in the White House. The collection of cigars was his one hobby and recreation. His apartments at the Belvoir were very simple, with costly silk and cash gathered from the four ends of the earth.

"What will he say?" guessed Briggs, who knew that publicity of any kind was highly repugnant to the "elderly bachelor." "If he comes back," he added.

As twelve o'clock another special was put out, the time with a piece of news had had seemed to the editor that something really extra special in the way of developments. "His John Casan Woodward" said the top line which headed across the full width and third way down the page. The new development that featured was the finding of a politician who had made a much longer from the building in which the Kelvins and Casan were located, carrying another man in his arms. This had been, so far as the politicians could judge, about half past five.

The next lines had been carefully deposited in a writing automobile which then drove away. It had been too dark to notice the parties particularly, but the one who carried the other and had managed his load with great difficulty.

Further developments occurred during the day. On being asked, Briggs gave it out that the papers missing from the file referred to litigation of a rather serious character pending between the firm of Kelvins and Casan and the firm of Briggs, a stock broker, famous for his daring market speculations. Fromed further, Briggs acknowledged that Mr. Briggs had known and received from Kelvins and Casan and had endeavored to extricate himself by questionable means. The missing papers had contained full information as to the transactions and also points of Briggs' duplicity.

Working on this clue, the police soon fell upon other information. Briggs had received a telegram from his wife, Mrs. Briggs, at the Belvedere Club about 7:45 or thereabouts and had left immediately to keep an appointment with the missing man, promising a party of friends to return on his boat's time. He had not returned.

More information was readily obtained after this. It was found that, starting from his office, Briggs had visited several fashionable salons and had seemed to be content in a condition of almost complete inattention, being finally taken away by two mysterious men.

Under the circumstances, the chief of the detective staff had panicked in requesting the presence of Mr. Briggs at headquarters. In some days, however, Mr. Briggs, who had been receiving a morning-after head in bed, rose at the summons and followed a detective to headquarters where, not having been told, he was supposed to learn that he was reported of being acquainted with the disappearance of John Casan and the robbery of his safe. While Briggs was detained at headquarters, Corley and Stanton conducted a thorough search of his apartments. As a result of their examination, they found certain papers which

Regard directed at among those absent from the safe.

When Briggs, dazed and almost speechless, was allowed to return to his apartments, an officer accompanied him. "The chief would have told this matter's closed up," the latter informed him. "Orders from the chief."

"All right!" assented Briggs. "Make yourself at home."

* * *

At three o'clock that afternoon, Briggs received an urgent telephone message from Briggs, requesting him to come up to the latter's apartments. He complied without delay and was surprised to find the lady's living-room occupied by a heavy-built man in rough trousers, who favored him on his entrance with a suspicious and baleful stare.

"What my friend, Mr. Alfred Dreyfus," said Briggs, with a half-curious, half-quizzical smile. "Mr. Dreyfus is attacked to the detective force. I've not exactly wider arrest, but if I attempted to leave my room I rather suspect Mr. Dreyfus would have something to say on the subject."

"You've guessed it," said the detective, grimly.

"The Casan case?" asked Briggs. "Rather thought they would drop you into it."

"You know," said Briggs, "they talk on though they thought I answered the old gentleman. And the worst of it is, there appears, on the surface, to be really some grounds for thinking so. It's a robbery case, and I'm not sure, but I'm sure, but in the meantime, it's rather uncomfortable for me."

"The papers are going for you," said Briggs. "If you can't get them, you're not going to get it to the police. Mind repeating it for me?"

"Don't really talking to let," declared Briggs. "I've a plan. I got it well as the Belvedere Club to go over to Mr. Casan's office to talk over this business matter the papers are nothing so much first hour. I must own and found Casan in his study in the office. We talked the matter over and finally decided on a solution without bringing it to the courts. I turned back the papers from the safe and returned to the office. I found the papers with the agreement was had reached. We then shook hands, and I left him. The thing had been hanging over my head for some weeks and I felt at ease at settling it satisfied that I started out and got fit up by way of television. That's all I know about it. In the meantime, somebody seems to have extended the office and knocked the old boy on the head and carried the body off. The papers all disappear and none are found in my report. It's a mystery for me. I'll admit that, but what I've told you is nothing but the truth—and it's the whole truth."

"What I wanted to see you about it is this, my friend, when mysterious did you were talking as about that night, could be permitted to concentrate his mind on the case? I like a detective man checking at home. The police men

content to creep me on the ground, unless someone else started the case, they may succeed in finishing it on me after all. Surely the case is strange enough to be worth the attention of your own dear magazine?"

"It's true," promised Briggs. "Don't worry, Briggs. It's a nasty case, as you say, but even so it slowly, there's no case against you. There isn't any proof yet that anything has happened to Casan. If I can get Briggs interviewed, he should clear the case up without difficulty. It will mean some investigation on my part first, though."

At 6:15 Briggs returned to the apartments of his friend and handed a note to the detective.

"Orders from the chief," he explained. "Then to Briggs: 'Blackmail case. You've a free man over here. Come along to dinner with me and I'll explain it all to you.'"

"What about John Casan?"

"Found," explained Briggs with characteristic brevity. "Quite alive, but not exactly well. Sorry about it, Mr. Dreyfus."

* * *

AFTER a substantial order for dinner had been placed, Briggs began his explanation.

"Mr. Standerton and Bolham were here. I would be inclined to over over them a little. I gave Briggs a single clue—one that the police had overlooked, by the way—and he manufactured the whole story from it. It was quite a clever job. I probably told me; in fact, he seemed really annoyed that he had been belated with no transparent a case. It looked simple enough—and it is."

"Well, anyway, here's the whole story I got permission from the police to visit the office of Casan which, I found, had been left in a state of confusion. I probably verified the various points made by the police. The safe contained many papers of very great value but nothing had been seen of any kind of it. I made a map of the room, showing the exact position of everything, desk, the telephone on the desk, chair, dressing machine and wardrobe. In doing this I picked up the clue that the police had overlooked. A fresh record was on the machine and only a few lines had been dictated. Now comes the most remarkable part. He came up as his day's work before leaving the office every night. It was quite contrary to his invariable custom to leave a record on the machine. A natural assumption was that he had started to dictate during his evening visit and had been interrupted. I reversed the machine and copied down what had been dictated."

A moment later another figure entered the corridor from the west wing and hurried through the lobby. He wore a long black coat and when he got to the door he took the black mantle on the back of his collar. It was not an actress's bundle of papers.

The first figure was the Sergeant-At-Arms, the second, the Clerk of the House, and their destination was the Speaker's apartments at the rear of the Commons' Chamber.

Continued on Page 35.

Mr. Speaker: A Glimpse of the Man and the Office from the Human Interest Side



Mr. Speaker, Mr. Standerton, Mr. Bolham, and Mr. Bolham, in the House of Commons.

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It is nearly three o'clock. At the heart of the House of Commons approach the House, interesting activity becomes evident in the outer area. Members of Parliament who have up to the present been dropping in singly and in somewhat leisurely fashion, now enter the main door in large numbers and with more show of haste. Visitors stand awaiting to the upper balcony, where entrance to the galleries is secured, there to wait respectfully until admission is granted them. Faint murmurs about and about the main door at the door leading into the lobby. There is an air of expectancy pervading the place that hitherto has been the scene of the proceedings.

Presently a man in a modest half-civilian coat, a small doublet from his head, he wears a black tie and a small black hat, he is given a short sharp salute by the Dominion policeman or duty. He walks on through the lobby to a door at the end and disappears.

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Two Women

By A.W. Bart

Fast, inert, lying in her fairy cot,
Beaming and smiling bright at him or by,
A tiny baby girl, here a requisite.



Neat, school-girl, tugging with new womanhood,
Conscious of her effervescence to men,
Half shy, half bold, demure with demurest eyes
That saw shyly twinkling smiling glances.

Then woman in the fulness of her power,
Who, bringing all her potency of charm—
Her heart-entangling, eyes-gleam-
Curved lips revealingly provoking humors—
To hear open-mouthed, makes him her slave.

Later, her man no longer is to win
The hearts of many men, but one man's hand,
Aspiring to establishment, in marriage,
With hope to escape the fate avoided
Of spinsterhood, and deal with some poor man
At last with captured woman, her lawful prey.

But now men's eyes expect the bitter truth
Her widow tells her of her waning charms,
Grey hairs sprouting themselves among the brown
And eyes—blue-black in bits of falling leaves,
Vain struggles with inevitable age come.

And kittenish or laughing she assumes
Tones to conceal time's ravages with coyness,
Amuse men's callous hearts with fattening wiles,
Cupiditish glances twining dallied eyes.

Last, pitiable in secret childlessness,
Bemused, bewildered and belated, befuddled,
Sighing, the quiet pinner and physician

Seriously sweet, pressing her sustenance,
She drinks from mother eyes the mother loss
An infant cradled to warm gentle arms.

Daily awakening to life's deepest truths,
The girls and gains a glimpse of motherhood;
Her dolls she cherishes, with passionate love
For taken to him with a full measure of love.

God shield her now in her sweet womanhood!
Enduring him in the sanctuary of her heart
She waits with one the same infant with trade
That mark time next to be her household head
Thus she embarks on life's uncertain sea.

Natured hope rebukes the sense of pain,
The triumph of creative joy the ladies
In ushering a new spirit into being
Spent of her spirit, as fresh of her flesh
Thus all her soul drives in the deep drift
Of motherhood, preservative drive.

From this time forth her family life her life,
Care comes, and sorrow shadows its trail
Upon her face sterned, but still she finds
Her strength of love a sustenance in trial
And solace in affliction, holding true.

To her, old age is only youth renewed,
For sorrow never lowered the stern face,
Through many seasons in children's children,
Her body, mind and spirit are projected.



Her last look is a look of answering love,
Then close her eyes unseeing of earth,
For love has blessed it with eternal light



"That man and that woman!" she murmured, looking and looking at him, "are my father and mother!"

The Grip of the Past

By Robert E. Pinkerton

Illustrated by H.W. COOPER

down play on the beach, women paddle out to the water for fish, men sit beneath the trees with their pipes, smoke faintly rising up through the drying racks on which moccasins set in hard in long, red rows.

"Is the last temple in the right line a man and a woman. They sat through the winter and in the summer they journey to Kishlakpovi to visit with their friends, to enjoy the sun and the plentiful food and to dance and gossip and laugh. He is tall and slight, a man of dignity and of gentleness. She is shorter, more plump, with a round, brown face, but it is her merry, twinkling eyes that are remarkable."

She ceased speaking and looked down at the figure she had been shaping. She stared, bewildered.

"That man and that woman," she resumed, turning and looking at him, "are my father and my mother. They are Ojibway, with the pure blood of a great race, and every drop of blood in my body is as pure as theirs."

"Genuine?" You don't, you can't mean—

And then he saw that which crashed him back into his seat. She had risen and taken from the wall a head of beads arranged in a necklace. Slipping it around her head, she fixed him.

The strangely colored ornament against

reason I was ashamed, but because it was necessary for me to succeed in my first year. As an Indian neophyte I would have been a novice, ignorant, uneducated, ignorant. In a year I would have been forgotten.

"I wanted success for my own sake, but it was for my people that I came to the city, that I have worked and studied. There is no greater world tragedy than that of the Indians, Robbed, cheated, misrepresented and misunderstood, ruled by the greed of others, degraded for price or by contact with the virus that edges the conquerors with the white invasion, he is today only a thing of pity."

"That he is not dead, in all decency dead within him. No fear, fear, because man ever lived than my father. In some ways he is a child, and in some ways he is more of a man than any of your fair skin. My mother—she lives in color. While at black, red or yellow, motherhood is the same, but when, when, self-interest, shading, the loss of everything that is human."

"I love my father and my mother and I love my people. From the time I was ten years old and was taken away to school and then to the house of the good French people whom you call I have in the white man's world, I have sought to do something for them. Not just money as most but the things which will help

the black hair, the dark face beneath the eyes like two bits of red jet, compelled belief. As a man who has been shot, but has left only the skin, not the pain, he looked at her. Then a hot quickly returned the hand, hand and held it as she spoke.

"I am sorry, but I do not expect to have to do this. I am sorry that I have caused you pain, even if I have done so unwittingly. I have known the facts of my origin, not because I was ashamed, but because it was necessary for me to succeed in my first year. As an Indian neophyte I would have been a novice, ignorant, uneducated, ignorant. In a year I would have been forgotten."

of which she was elected president in 1913.

Perhaps I can add a saying that there is no better leader, woman, practitioner than Dr. Helen MacManis of Toronto, who is responsible for many changes from the old antiquated management of public schools, and has been largely instrumental in establishing the new sense of the education in the matter of education of schools.

She is the daughter of Archibald MacManis, M.A., B.A., who was one of the Toronto Grammar School for many years and she taught in that same school after a becoming term as the first Principal Girls' School, before her first career while teaching. After graduating at the Toronto University and the Toronto Medical College, she took a post-graduate course in Philadelphia, and at the Johns Hopkins University. Returning to Toronto, she took up her practice but gradually gave her special attention to work along the lines of public health, infant mortality and the care of the female mind. She was appointed Commissioner of the Public Health by the Ontario Government in 1916 and is a member of the International Council of School Hygiene. She received that appointment during its Paris meeting in 1913. She is a public lecturer, her addresses at the Public Health Congress being largely attended. She addressed the Social Service Congress in Ottawa with her usual manner. I recall that upon that occasion she spent several evenings at the home of Dr. MacManis, who had arranged to have her there, so that the hour for addressing came while she was in the midst of her preparation. I think Dr. Grace Ritchie England occupied the chair; so matters? Who ever it was, the hour was not to the audience—about the lecture he devoted his time to would those present realize part of their work and remember her? There was a question, was it not, the latter, and Dr. MacManis presided.

Another public-speaking woman whose activities by far outclass her chosen profession is Mrs. Ada Smith.

She was born a Smith, but then, there are Smiths and Smiths. She lived in the picturesque little town of Wingham, Ontario, not far from Hamilton, and attended school, first in her home town and then at the Hamilton Collegiate Institute. It is little later, she went into the Royal Medical College, which was established at Queen's University, Kingston, and she received her degree in 1915.

It is not easy to find the child in Dr. W. W. Smith. "The History of Mr. W. W. Smith" Smith looked upon the carrying of a very large, very particular which. Her mother in her mother's place was rather a larger one—she wanted to help other women to master the knowledge in making for their own advancement a graduation which descriptive parts, not yet looked upon with the tolerance the favor which it is accorded now. In her first years, she felt that she should never have any reason for the separation of medical medicine—one for men, and one for women—had not the time, and after the tendency to avoid to make the course as long as, as disapproved and as effective to the women students as possible. She supported

therefore, heart and soul the cause by which a separate course for women was inaugurated at Kingston. She herself lectured on medical jurisprudence and anatomy, even in the Women's Medical College and three herself, with actual surgery, into the life of the students there. This was after several years of practicing her profession in Hamilton, and her marriage to Professor Adam Smith, then a member of the faculty at Queen's.

If you ever imagine a friend whose sympathy in all passing problems was ready and spontaneous, not only that, but whose practical advice and assistance, almost equal to the young colleagues, if you ever imagine a woman, whose doors were open week in and week out to all student affairs whose welcome was assured, if you can imagine a woman whose life was so bound up in that of the University that no system, disease, encouragement or discouragement could prevent her; you have a picture of Mrs. Smith during the years she lived in Kingston. Besides, she was the president of the Y.W.C.A., and

Orissa and was asked to accept a half-off in many other institutions, she almost invariably gave her services and her thought with feeling time, in some spontaneous way to some place, the most ordinary household duties, such as are usually demanded by the busy woman, and in the case of a domestic, she believed that women should be competent housekeepers, and make delicate dishes for her table, not occasionally, but regularly, taking care of her own room, doing the necessary domestic jobs, before setting out on her daily round of "ventures" and returns after, flung by her own domestic life to sleep.

"What about the telephone?" asked one subscriber. "One can't accomplish things and answer the phone at the same time."

It is strange but true, that if Mrs. Smith is in the house, she never refuses to answer the numerous demands of our modern blessing, the phone. She never appears to hurry the speaker. She is rarely late.

Why the color does not burn, the poetry get taught, or the eggs fall flat, I am unable to tell you—just just that. That's all.

She is not a great reader; she has no time. She is not a great writer, nor a speaker, but when she does speak, every one listens and listens. Her practical and good nature are extraordinary. As children, her family say that first and foremost she was "Mother," and never showed them any way to do things, and she could stand quiet because she was planning some work. When did she do it? After what felt half past six, for Mrs. Smith is in the house, and she gets along with a few hours of sleep.

"Oh, no," she said, "in the early part of a single sentence. Keep the five green lines were occupied without any expenditure. It was a wonderful audience."

As it stood at afternoon performances, the audience consisted for the most part of women. Of course there were some men there, just as there are always some men everywhere, even at a conference. No one ever attempted to tell the reason why.

The chief performers were to be the Duchess of Marlborough, Mrs. Patrick Lawrence, the great actress, and Miss Ashwell, the brilliant actress from Canada.

New perhaps the reason for the considerable number of women more apparent. It was war time and there was unemployment to be solved. Naturally, in regard to employment, the women of every problem, and so it said that everyone offers a different solution from everyone else. And for the same problem too. But that is the argument as the legislative way of solving every problem.

The meeting itself was of the Women's Literary Guild, which is a plan of the woman's body of women which aim to get employment for women out of work, and to make more of them to take the place of men who have been called in the front.

It would, undoubtedly, be of great interest to know how the Duchess of Marlborough was dressed, and a plan of the Duchess of Marlborough was an excellent one. But such interesting and interesting details must be dismissed. For the meeting being essentially a theatrical one

Lena Ashwell, Canadian Star: MARGARET BELL



A recent portrait of Lena Ashwell

audience. For when the time comes for each one of the vast audience to leave the theatre and seek out her friends, the Duchess of Marlborough, the great actress, and Miss Ashwell, the brilliant actress from Canada.

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must needs have to do with it. It is the most wonderful of the (theatrical) life.

Lena Ashwell was to have been possible for you, in her own manner, retaining the position of a very difficultly that women, there is the great crisis of it was all prepared to stand together, in a matter which would be impossible. A change of women's mind is just as natural as an epidemic of measles.

Then, one day, something induced her to change her mind. It is not necessary to go into detail explaining just what induced her to make this change. As before, each explanation would be impossible. A change of women's mind is just as natural as an epidemic of measles.

At any rate she changed it and, acting upon the advice of such a wise counsellor as Ellen Terry, she changed it for good and all. Of late Mrs. Ashwell had been given to reading. Every girl wants to be a writer. Every girl, in her own mind, imagines that some day she will be the greatest talent the world has ever known.

When she learned Ellen Terry's verdict of her philosophy, she was not long in seeking satisfaction.

But perhaps it would be well to say that the most important engagement she received just then was not altogether of her own seeking. It was suggested by her mother, and it ended in marriage.

Next to that, her most important initial engagement was at the Grand, London. She played with the French.

Now, if you had ever seen Ellen Terry,

the speech had been suggested. Lena Ashwell, a shadowy but very one has been engaged. From the time when she presented her play, she was in the position of a woman who had found her way to face with Ellen Terry, who was going to be a great actress, and of her extraordinary abilities, a woman that she would like to see with such a woman.

It is a strange thing, but it usually chooses as its association those whose number of critics is not large. It was not so very unusual that Lena Ashwell was from her brilliant career, most constructive work, should have been connected with it.

Being the daughter of a clergyman, she was a natural talent turned to the stage. But not only that, she had received Ellen Terry's verdict of her talent.

She started out to study music, but as most girls study it, as a sort of passing occupation for themselves and back to all

their friends, but as a conscientious student, who is determined to obey beyond the showing some signs of sobriety.

That is how she happened to go straight to London from her Toronto home. That is how, later she went to London, in the Royal Academy of Music. That is how she presented under such her finger asked of and all sorts of exercises until her hand began. It is a well-known fact that she was not surprised the sensation of a swimming bath before she can taste of the waters of success.

Then, one day, something induced her to change her mind. It is not necessary to go into detail explaining just what induced her to make this change. As before, each explanation would be impossible. A change of women's mind is just as natural as an epidemic of measles.

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Miss Ashwell and Ellen Terry, with Ellen Terry in the background

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to prevent the destruction of public buildings dedicated to art, science, religion, or otherwise purposes. Under no circumstances is pillaging allowed. Under no circumstances are loot or treasure, nor their spoils or holdings, to be taken as long as the inhabitants observe the rules of war.

Spies are carefully defined, and in punishing a man so much the rules must be followed religiously. The rule declares that "a person can only be considered a spy when, acting clandestinely or in false pretences, he obtains or endeavours to obtain information in the area of operations of a belligerent, with the intention of communicating it to the hostile party." Thus, soldiers in their proper uniforms, and wearing a dagger, who have penetrated into the area of operations of a hostile army, for the purpose of obtaining information, are not considered spies. Soldiers, sailors and civilians, arriving on their mission singly, who have been introduced with the delivery of dispatches, are not spies either for their own or for the enemy's army, nor are to be treated as spies. To this class belongs being persons sent in battalions for the purpose of carrying dispatches and, generally, of maintaining communication between the different parts of an army or a territory. A spy must have a flag that informs being permitted. A man known to have operated as a spy or who has escaped after capture, must not be punished nor treated otherwise than as a prisoner of war if captured after having rejoined his army.

As has been customary from antiquity, an army under the modern régime is not to be out of the country of its origin. It is only when a territory is completely under the authority of a hostile power, however, that it can be considered as occupied. While an occupied territory must observe the laws in force in the country it occupies, it has a right to ignore and refuse laws. Such laws can be used only for detaching the allegiance of administration and for the maintenance of the army actually within the district affected. It is not allowable to impose a general fine for acts of which the population as a whole is not responsible.

All requisitions made for the needs of an army must be proportional to the resources of the city or territory drawn upon. The houses or other injury of public buildings is prohibited, and if such acts are committed, satisfaction may be asked of the enemy. "Family hearth and rights of the lives of persons and private property, as well as religious convictions and practices, must be respected," the rules declare, in the military administration of a hostile territory.

The modern rules of war make the territory of neutral nations inviolable, and belligerents are forbidden from passing through, traversing of war, or supplies through such a district, or to cross within its lines or redoubts, or other operations of communication, for the purpose of war.

The rules laid down in the Geneva Convention, which were incorporated at The Hague Conference, make it mandatory that the sick and wounded in war be treated without distinction as to nationality. These falling into the hands of an enemy

become prisoners of war and must be treated as such. The army in possession of a field in the line of a movement must search for the wounded and provide for their relief, while each belligerent is bound to contribute to the Government, as quickly as possible, descriptions of the possible marks of identification on the bodies of the dead, as well as the names of the wounded killed. Belligerents must carry out other of numerous treaties, in compliance to hospitals, and deaths of each other's men.

Hospital and ambulance equipment and all other sanitary formations of an army, and the personnel attached to them, must be considered neutral and be protected by an enemy. In case a surgeon, or other member of the sanitary staff, falls into the hands of a hostile force, he cannot be deemed a prisoner of war, but must continue to work under the direction of his captors. If inside military formations are taken by an enemy, they must be kept strictly that is, for instance, horses attached to an ambulance must not be used for other purposes. When a horse or personnel or equipment is absolutely needed by the army to which it originally belongs, they must be returned.

The rules governing the care of the wounded on land apply to most respects in naval warfare. Hospital ships at sea must not be considered neutral, and the rules applying to warships in neutral ports do not exempt them. Military hospital ships, meeting those fitted out and operated by a belligerent Government, are distinguished by being painted white and having a green stripe, about a yard and a half in breadth, running from the stern to the fore of their hulls. Hospital vessels fitted by officially recognized neutral nations have a red band about their sides, which is known by the Geneva flag and that of the country under which they are operating. At night, these ships are indicated by a crimson lantern, which is brightly illuminated, on their sides. They must afford relief to all wounded and shipwrecked men who may be rescued by a belligerent, directed to take a crew on board, in extreme cases, be temporarily detained, but their staffs must be required and must be made prisoners. If wounded men are taken aboard a military ship, they must not render the conflict.

The rules regarding marine warfare prohibit the buying of a sanctioned submarine contact mines unless they are so constructed that they will become harmless either on land after they are submerged. The use of torpedoes which become dangerous to any ship may thus be used in any conditions. It is no more an offence to land off the coast of any country solely for the purpose of stopping commercial shipping while an important battle is in progress at the end of the war.

Naval bombardment of ports is prohibited by rules similar to those regulating land operations, providing that undeveloped ports shall not be shelled, and that in all instances many ships are given previous to firing. The fact that a harbor is mined does not change the character of an otherwise unfortified place. If the authorities of such a city, fortress, or island refuse to surrender by refusing to honor requisitions for food

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ability, while the Speaker's wife was with her husband in entertaining the ladies. The Speaker receives a salary of \$4,000 a year, which is little enough when we consider all that is expected of him. Of course certain things, such as the place, the dishes, the linen, the attendants, are added, but still more or there are many expenses connected with the entertainment of guests which he must pay out of his own pocket. If he approves of the use of wine, it costs him a pretty penny to stock his cellar, while flowers and other table decorations run away with a lot of money.

Since Confederation there have been thirteen Speakers of the House of Commons, of whom only one held office during the course of two Parliaments. This was the first Speaker, the Hon. James Cockburn, Q.C., who sat from 1867 to 1874. In two instances it has been necessary to elect two Speakers during the life of a single Parliament. Sir James D. Edgar, who was appointed in 1904, died in office and his unexpired term was filled out by the Hon. Thomas Bain. The Hon. L. B. Broderick, who became Speaker following the election of 1906, was given a part-leave in the Government before the term expired and the office was filled for the first six months of the Parliament, by the Hon. A. McLeod. With these exceptions, there has been one Speaker for each Parliament since the Dominion was founded, a notable contrast to the British system.

The position of alternating French and English Speakers has come to be fairly securely established, though there have been one or two variations. The last Speaker of the former Conservative regime, the Hon. Foster Wilson, was English, while the first Speaker of the Liberal regime succeeding him, Sir James D. Edgar, was also English. On the whole, however, the two traditions have received equal treatment. When the Conservatives were in power from 1878 to 1896, there were two English and two French Speakers and during the Liberal period in office from 1896 to 1911, there were three of each race in the chair.

It is also an accepted rule that if the Speaker is of one race, the Deputy Speaker must be of the other race. Up to a few months ago, when the latter position was taken by the Colonel, Mr. Speaker Sprague, an English-speaking Canadian, but as his deputy, Mr. Sinclair, a Frenchman. His predecessor in the chair, the Hon. Charles Marshall, a Frenchman, was supported by G. H. McMillan, M.P., an Englishman, and so on. Presently the Deputy Speaker is now Parliament because the Speaker is in the first Parliament, unless, of course, his proxy happens to go out of power. Thus, the Hon. Charles Marshall, who was deputy during the membership of the Hon. B. F. Sutherland, succeeded the latter after the latter's retirement. In the majority of cases, it is the Frenchness of the French and the Englishness of the English that are the important reasons for the frequent change of Speaker in the Canadian House of Commons.

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WRITE US TO-DAY

The
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The Three of Us

Continued from Page 32

had, I would hardly have been able to reserve you, my dear."

"I think that if I was should have your pardon for asking," I thought.

"Not at all. You remember our conversation of that evening? You've come to see me your daughter."

"I—I'm not sure yet. But I wanted to talk to you, May 27."

"Certainly. Take this day, it's more comfortable than the one before it."

His arms closed about her. She weakly struggled. As he drew her toward him, her hand stole out, drew the pretence from his pocket, and hid it with the five left. He crushed her to him in a mad embrace. Neither of them heard the door open but they turned at a great start at the sound of the door.

"You're just as old as I am," he said, and he looked away from her.

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the steady and almost fanatical support of a whole people, on a common mystic faith in the destiny of the Japanese race in that particular sphere. It is undeniable that extraordinary popular consciousness is to get the one side to the crisis in the Far East.

I was visiting last winter, during a trip to Japan, the crowded and magnificent Hiroshima building which grew duty as a Y.M.C.A. in the great industrial city of Osaka. The main hall had been saved from the bombing by a well-known publisher, society, and when I came in after a long day in the factories that morning had already reopened.

On the platform a little man sat on a slightly raised desk and as he watched the change of a camera, a great little instrument like a new violin, he half sang, half chanted a series of verses which went on and on. It was a song about the Russo-Japanese war, and it told how the Japanese people had come to their present and had driven the proud European invaders from the lands made for Japan's great destiny. And so he sang as the camera whirled and the Japanese audience a part of the world's history—Sogo, and Hiro, and Oyama, and Katsura—and sang of the glorious Japan that was to be the new strength and new conscience of the world and the new destiny of the world.

To understand the steady forward march of Japan on the Pacific coast, you must keep in mind that little hall in Osaka. There you will find symbolized the progress, the growth, the remarkable progress of the Japanese people who have made Japanese progress possible from the first gun in the war against China in 1895 to the latest attempt to accelerate destiny at Tsingtau only yesterday.

As a Premier of the China Seas, Tientsin is a new scene, and unless the truly unqualified ignorance, the great glory that it suddenly built up here, as its new premier director as suddenly passed away. But the destiny of the world's great nations is at stake here in the magnitude of it. It was the tragedy of the world's great nations, outside movements around its strategic importance on the Sea of Japan and the Chinese coast. It may be the pivot on which a new Europe, and a Japan, in which the rule of the people shall have succeeded the military dynasty of the day, shall agree to undertake a new understanding between the East and the West.

Or perhaps it may find the great and most honorable destiny of all, and give to China the right to her own commercial empire. If Chinese nations come out of the present shadows of feudalistic strife with any conception whatsoever how to build a better world, that should be the destiny of Tientsin. More than any other single factor, it would serve given for the Far East and the real liberation of Asia.



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Best Selling Book of the Month

Something About 'The Pretender' and Its Author

By FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor Bookkeeper and Stationer

ROBERT W. SERVICE is represented among the best sellers for January with a novel, *His New Book*, 'The Pretender', which is fourth in the list, and is selected for this month's review because together with his conventional romances (including his long promise novel, *The Wolf of Parthia*), he has already been subject of this review of articles.

'The Pretender' is a readable book but more in the line of the more serious. As this author's other novel 'The Trail of Night-Flight' long somewhat more in regard to certain passages, this book being itself open to criticism of the sort to a greater extent even than 'The Trail of Night-Flight'.

The hero of this new tale is Horace Mollen, an ultra successful author of novels that appeal to the average reader. His writings consequently achieve for him fame and riches.

In the opening chapter, Mollen is at his job where he is apparently contented, a sensation about himself, participated in by Quince the critic and Vane the poet, and from what he thus overhears, Mollen learns that in the estimation of these men he is considered, to quote the words of Quince: 'An upstart, a failure, to very heart of him a shallow, ignorant pretender.'

Mollen had an amazing book-book. Since the last time he had written his, several credit entries had been made for twenty thousand dollars during the time that he had been dandling in the weeds of Mollen, musing by the fire of great effort to squander one thousand. It was that in the secret position of having 'an office under and an automobile house.'

Quince's remarks had made Mollen wince but it stirred him so that he was prepared to bet his year's income against Quince's that he could make a fresh start. All the same thing all right again. This day takes real and Mollen's odd-witted from friends and sends to again fight his way up the ladder from the very bottom and from that start the reader is taken with Mollen's thoughtfulness and novel adventures beginning with a marriage passage across the ocean, his father passages being mostly Tuller's—rightly worded in some places like the mention in a big Mollen becomes aside, describing his feeling: 'As if I were suddenly hit down the elevator shaft by the finger of Death, at full speed, so that I was not even sure of my own body as I yielded up again. By the time I was on the hands of the undertaker's crawling everywhere around me, elongated colorful caskets, big men, middle-sized ones, baby ones.'

Imagine the pleasure of that soon escape!

Before leaving New York, Mollen had done some unexplained good deeds which he made up for by his conventional romances (including his long promise novel, *The Wolf of Parthia*), he has already been subject of this review of articles.

By some chance came pursued to conversation with a friend who is a married woman, she becomes convinced that he is impudently in love with her and his talk, under the influence of his historical imagination becomes so impressed that he gets beyond his depth for she wants to try with him and he needs must accept. Fortunately for him, she weakens; she cannot have her shadow and so the situation is saved for Mollen who persists however, that should it be so happen that sometimes they may both find themselves free, and should she want him to suit her, he will do so though the world be between them.

Two other escapes from matrimonial traps are made by Mollen before he eventually gets completely out of touch with his old spirit.

After reaching London, picking up a New York paper he reads of an accident to the man with whom he had been in the past of a ship. 'When the accident occurred could not have been in return him from his position, they found to their surprise that the man was dead,' he reads and drops the paper with a grin.

That night he chooses to prevent a young girl committing suicide and he arrives that just so that he may not have in mercy the woman in New York.

The romantic matrimonial venture, and their subsequent behavior occur together with Mollen's great deal of covers made up as interesting tale and throughout the book there are sentences in his words which develop new double escapes.

The following interesting story about the author himself is reprinted from Bookkeeper and Stationer:

Some rather interesting information which, possibly enough, has not yet shared yet to the general public, is being obtained about the development of his publications regarding Robert W. Service.

It appears that previous to the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War, Mr. Service, having made up his mind to publish in his books of Poems and his novel 'The Trail of Night-Flight' to keep him in comfort for his remaining years, that he in the comfort of a great book, in the service, would require, started off to see something of the world.

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the Continent. It is quite well-known that he was in the middle as far as he could get, of the fighting in the Italian War, previously with a view to picking up lost order for another novel. The Roman, however, came a little later, for the story tells that when he Paris, on a fine day, devoted was watching the procession from a balcony of his hotel he saw before him two curly French maidens, who were being somewhat inhibited by the crowd, and, being considerably attracted, asked them to dance his balcony. It would scarcely be expected that a love affair would develop between a French maiden from a provincial town and a young Canadian doctor, neither of whom would understand the other's language, but as is well-known, the normal happens in real life even oftener than it does in fiction and did so in this case. Mr. Service's story proceeded in some ways of the young woman, matters developed in a most lovely way, and after a little time the Canadian author proposed and was accepted. Of course, his lack of the knowledge of his quite respectable future but not then shared into French, and the story tells that Mr. Service took these things "packed up in his own heart" so that the matter must have been purely and simply a love affair. When one of his friends saw the author several months ago, the couple were living most happily in a garden, in the Little Quarter of Paris and even yet could not speak one another's language fluently.

Under these circumstances it will not be wondered at that Mr. Service's new novel does not deal with the Italian War, as was to be expected, but rather with money life in Paris. It is thought that the story includes in a married form, of course, some reminiscence of the dramatic history. The author's publications have been constantly trying to get in touch with him for some little time but without success and indirectly it is learned that Mr. Service is at the front in France, whether as writer duty or picking up lost order for his author novel, is not known. If the latter is the case we may look for some pretty important material descriptive of actual conditions after a little time.

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Insurance in Force

The increase in force, last year, amounted to \$2,000,000,000, an increase of \$1,000,000,000. The large rate has naturally been brought down, owing to the general condition existing throughout the year in business in force in the first seven months of the year.

Income

The total Income amounted to \$1,000,000,000, a gain of \$1,000,000,000 over the previous year.

Profits

The present state of profits—exceeding estimates by one-third—is being maintained. The dividend payment as income, while for the time being is deferred until the close of the year, shows that the year has been successful.

Assets and Interest

The Assets now amount to \$1,000,000,000, an increase of \$1,000,000,000. Bonds and Stocks have been taken at a figure much below the prevailing market value. The rate of interest earned without reference for the first seven months, was 7.01%.

Liabilities

Reserve funds are all at the Company's disposal in case called for in the future. The total value of the Company's standard now amounts to \$1,000,000,000.

Surplus

The Government Standard, Policyholders' Surplus amounts to \$1,000,000,000, showing the good and satisfactory gain made. After setting aside funds in reserve for the Company's standard, the total surplus is \$1,000,000,000.



10¢
Per Tin

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